

HIPOINT

Volume 4, Number 4

BISHOP FORD COUNTRY CLUB & HEALTH SPA

April Fool's Day, 1980

HIPOINT STAFF ABDUCTED

Ian Anderson

On a cold Friday afternoon, March 28th, a number of unidentified individuals stormed the **Hipoint** office and kidnapped the entire **Hipoint** staff. The daring abduction was well-planned and well-executed, since no real evidence remained other than a typewritten letter which simply read: "We are tired of putting up with these people." The Ford Administration has announced the appointment of an interim staff to run **Hipoint** until the original staff is returned.

The adjacent photograph is one of a roll of 36 shots taken by yearbook editor and ace photographer Siuol Oiroid (pronounced Loo-ee). When questioned, Oiroid stated, "I saw nothing; I know nothing."

Hipoint Moderator, Egroeg (Fearless Leader) McYak, expressed his sentiments briefly. He said, "I look at this quite humanistically. Let's see how this staff does; maybe we won't need the originals back."

Reaction throughout the student body was varied and limited. Many students were not aware that Bishop Ford had a newspaper. Of those

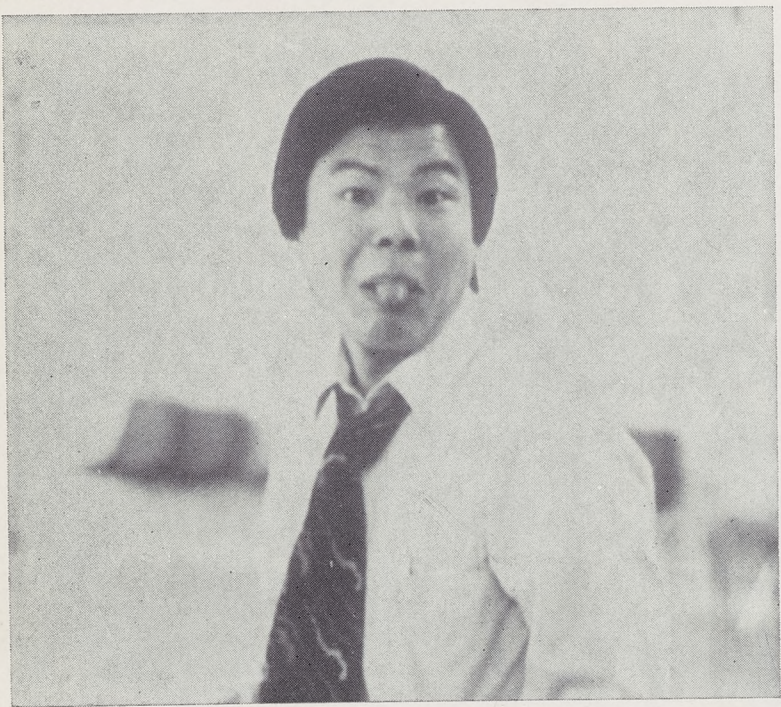
who were aware of **Hipoint**, the vast majority were shocked by the shanghai; however, they were anxious to see how the interim staff would handle the paper.

Occor V. Allerg, Dean of Students, was visibly shaken by the incident. He expressed his feelings quite clearly. He stated that if it were discovered that Ford students were involved in the kidnapping, serious disciplinary action would be taken. Chuckling, he added that there would really be hell to pay if they were returned.



Surprised and delirious, Hipoint editors are dragged off.

Math Teacher Afflicted



Mr. Mot in moment of despair.

Gary Gar

Mr. Nek Mot, a prominent member of Bishop Ford's math department, has been affected by a rare and puzzling virus which seems to have only one symptom. At any time, and without any warning, a rigid tightening of the muscles of the tongue occurs. As a result, the tongue is forced to protrude from the mouth. These "seizures" of the tongue occur with no regularity and have already proven quite embarrassing to Mr. Mot in a number of instances.

Doctors have gathered from all over the country and are admittedly confused. Never before has anyone been struck by a virus which affects only one part of the body and

with only one symptom. The virus has not yet been isolated and identified. However, doctors working on the case have nick-named the affliction **Analytic Tongue**.

Attempts were made to interview Mr. Mot. Unfortunately, he was unable to communicate with us at the time, so we settled for the included exclusive photo.

Since Mr. Mot's condition is stable, and since the seizures do not often last long, the spunky teacher has decided to continue teaching mathematics. Students are urged to respect such dedication, and to restrain all laughter, or similar reactions, should Mr. Mot's condition manifest itself during a class.

Administration Declares War!

Mohammad Reza Pahlevi

A dramatic announcement was made early today. Vice-Principal for Student Affairs, Enahs Ekrub, addressed the Student Council and asked that a formal declaration of war be lodged against the nation of Pakistan. He also received quick passage of a proposal which automatically enlisted all male and female students.

"We can't let them get away with what they've done!" cried a feverish Ekrub. The taking of hostages, especially Americans, is something that cannot be taken lightly," Ekrub went on to point out that since President Carter seems unwilling to take action, someone must. "Why not us?" he asked.

A somewhat puzzled Student Council approved the declaration with some hesitation.

One council member expressed his views. "Most of us realize that there are no hostages in Pakistan, but what

the heck. Finally we can say we've **done** something."

When Ekrub was told by this reporter that the hostages were in **Iran**, he laughingly replied, "Sure!"

Bro. Leahcim Ossur was perplexed by the entire situation. "I honestly thought that the hostages were being held in Panama by the Shah," he said. "Isn't that why we gave back the canal?"

Despite controversy within the Student Council as to the actual country responsible for the holding of the hostages, it is apparent that a war situation exists. It has been recommended that no student leave the school until the situation is remedied, since Bro. Enahs has made it clear that deserters will receive 25 demerits.

Mass desertions have been planned for this afternoon at 2:11. Desertion coordinator, senior Gerg Nidnarg, stated bluntly that he would not fight for his country, let alone for

his school. "We're getting the hell out of here. If they don't straighten this mess out, we'll run off to Nazareth."

Reaction throughout the faculty and administration was varied. Mr. Tap Enak, a recent addition to the Religion Department, was pleased. "I don't care if they didn't do anything. The miserable cretins don't deserve to live!" He also pointed out that he would be distributing weapons after school so we could be ready for what he labeled, "the inevitable Pakistani attack."

Leunam Zednanref, a member of the Admissions Committee, said, "This is terrible. All of our prospective '81 freshmen are cancelling. First we have a major kidnapping, now a war. What's next? Famine?"

Mr. Eoj Oranapmac, Chairman of the Social Studies Department, expressed his feelings. "I love it because it is **different**, and this school needs more things that are different."

Yearbook Prepares to Change Name

Richard Weede

A recent informal survey conducted by members of the yearbook staff indicated that a large percentage of the Bishop Ford Community is not aware of the meaning of the word **pagoda**. In an effort to make the yearbook a truer reflection of Bishop Ford life, the editors have announced that the title of this year's book, and all future books,

will be changed to **Chinese Cross on Roof**.

Co-Editor Ailuj Ikswortoip was pleased with the change. She said, "It needed a change. Before I came to Ford I'd never heard of a pagoda. Had you?" Reaction at Ford was limited and varied. When the change was mentioned, the typical retort was, "So that's a pagoda!"

Our Principal, Bro. Susnoh-

pla, was shocked by the change. "I think it is foolish and uncalled for," he said. When pressed, he hesitantly added, "I've got to admit it. I didn't know what 'pagoda' meant either. Yearbook moderator Eoj Oranapmac was amused. He said, "It has got to be the most ridiculous thing I have ever heard. I love it. It's **different**, much like myself."

Student Spotlight: Spot

Pasquale T. Moth, II

This issue's **Student Spotlight** is dedicated to just that—a spotlight. Since it is not possible for us to communicate with a spotlight, we asked veteran stage crew member Tap Silaw (no relation to Cole) to tell us about Spot.

"Spot's a real snotty son-of-a-gun, that's for sure," Silaw said. "He gets really heated up about some things. Once he blew out right in the middle of a show, just because someone accidentally wired 1500 volts through him. Damn near killed the kid we had working him."

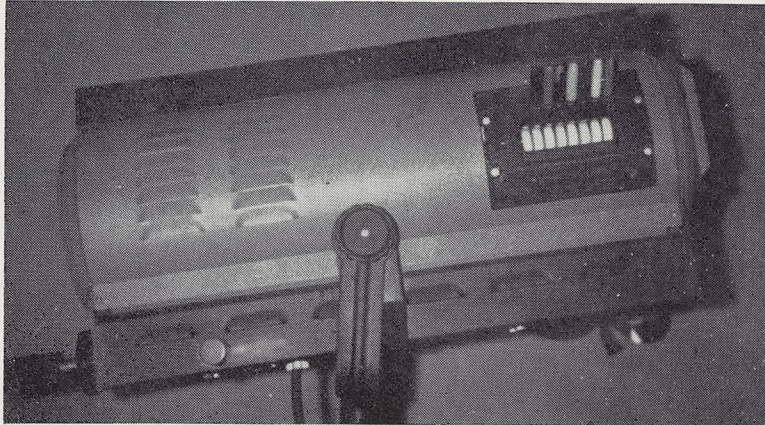
Spot has been with Ford ever since the beginning, when he was stolen from a local theater along with most of Ford's lighting equipment,

except for the light board itself, of course, which was purchased at Toys-R-Us.

Spot has no definite plans for the future, but is said to be considering a job as a teacher. Biology has always fascinated him. He was recently considered as a replacement for Mr. DeAnif as head of the Bio Lab. If it

had not been for his lack of experience, the job would have been his.

Mr. DeAnif, of course, would not have been left out in the cold. Hipoint has learned that the administration was prepared to give Mr. DeAnif a flashlight and graciously offer him a job as a spotlight.



Spot.

The Impossible Dream Come True

Brenda Starr

They said it wouldn't happen. They called it impossible. But what was labeled not feasible just a few weeks ago, has happened. On March 12th, 1980, at 11:15 a.m., it was announced over the intercom of Bishop Ford that the tuition of the school had been lowered!

No one believed it. Some pounded their heads on their desks in disbelief. Others wept tears of joy and shouted "Amen" to the heavens.

With the entire student body, and faculty as well, in total shock, it was thought necessary to close the school for the rest of the day. But that only made matters worse. One student ran out into the hall frantically and yelled, "First they lowered the tuition, now they're giving us the day off! Oh God, I can't stand anymore!" With that, the student went outside, climbed the pagoda and plunged downward twenty feet, contracting an acute case of death.

Later that day, amidst the confusion and havoc, Brother Susnohpla, honorable Principle of Ford, was interviewed by Eyewitness News' Barbara Walters.

Barbara: Brother, by what amount was the tuition lowered?

Brother: We can't disclose any definite figure at the mo-

ment, but I should say anywhere from a nickel to two hundred dollars.

Barbara: What prompted the act by the administration?

Brother: Well, one day a band of students, whose names I can't mention, were shouting and screaming obscenities outside my office window, telling me to lower the tuition or they would do terrible things to me with a baseball bat. Then they set fire to me in effigy. It was then that I decided that it was a serious matter and I should do something about it.

Barbara: I see. So you were threatened into it.

Brother: I would prefer to look upon it as a hint.

Barbara: Do you like to eat strawberry yogurt, standing on your head, while listening to Steely Dan Music?

Brother: I don't see what that has to do with...

Barbara: Thank you Brother. Back to you Bill.

At any rate, it was a day of rejoicing, a time of frolicking, laughing, singing, and dancing in the streets. The incident was put in all the newspapers far and wide. March 12th was proclaimed a national holiday by the Board of Education.

I think one sports commentator put it best when the U.S.A. Olympic Hockey Team beat Finland to win the gold medal. He described the event as "the impossible dream come true!"

Hipoint Office Destroyed by Fire

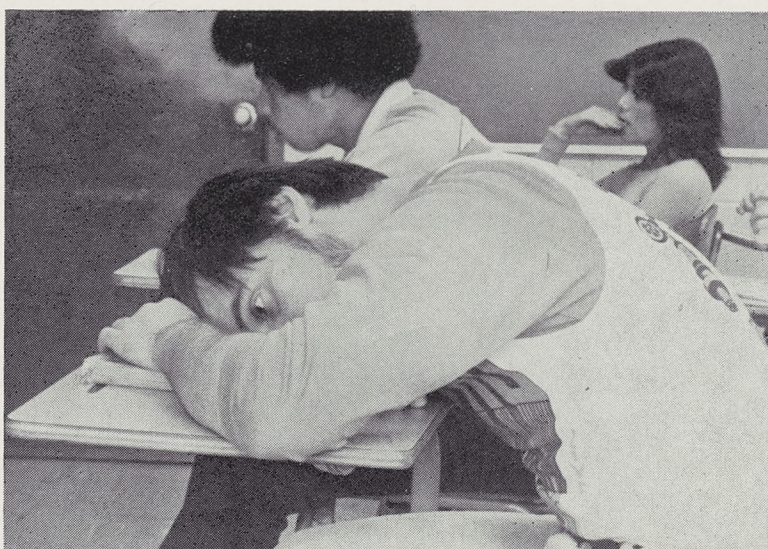
Murray Weiss

On the first day of class, the student is introduced to a newly assigned seat. It is in this seat, this particular spot in the room, that the student will read, write, listen, and throw eraser tips across the room. And soon he feels a special type of warmth for this good ol' seat, a closeness, a kinship. Schooldays go by fairly smoothly. Until one day, a deep, dark voice from the front of the classroom says, "Yenrac! you can't sit there any more!" It's time to change seats.

An experience such as this is emotionally devastating to the average American high-schooler. No sooner does he acclimate himself to one part of the room than he is told to move someplace else. His whole sense of perspective is distorted and he becomes disoriented. Perhaps at his new seat he cannot see the board anymore, or he doesn't like the neighborhood, or, worse still, there is no slot in the desk top to hold his pencil.

Soon the estranged and bereaved student will look to see who has taken his old seat. He'll develop a contempt for this person who is usually doofy and funny-looking and quite underserving of such a fine spot in the room. Then that contempt will spread to the students who sit by him and socialize with him as if he really belonged there with them. Gradually, the circle of enemies broadens and broadens to encompass the whole class, the whole student body, and, eventually, the whole world!

And imagine—millions of students unwillingly get their seats changed everyday.



Student shattered by cruel practice of seat-changing.

What, then, is to become of our society? It will be infected by ill-will, anger, jealousy, hate. Brotherhood will go out the window. Should we allow our teachers to continue to instigate this vicious cycle of social destruction? Should they continue to move us, re-seat us, and, thus, destroy us? I say, no! Stand up for your rights! Stay put in your seat!

HIPOINT

Bishop Ford Country Club & Health Spa
Near the Big Highway, in Brooklyn

Editor-in-Chief Gary Gar
Assistant Chief Chief Crazy Glands
News Editor Richard Weede
Pornography Editor Seymour Haire
Foreign Affairs Editor Mohammad Reza Pahlevi
Entomology Editor Dr. Insectus Bugg
Staff Ian Anderson, Barriemole Barlow,
Martin Barre, Specken Z. Deutsche, Ben Dover,
Kite-Eating Tree, Pasquale T. Moth, II, Brenda
Starr, Murray Weiss, David Palmer, Dave Pegg.

Lockers Are People, Too

Kite-Eating Tree

Everyday high school students slam their lockers, kick their lockers, or curse their lockers. One walk down a Bishop Ford hallway could tell you that the average locker takes a lot of abuse. This is unfortunate. Let me say a word in defense of lockers.

If you'd asked me, I'd say that lockers are pretty patient individuals. We stuff their guts with coats, books, and sneakers until they bulge, then we slam them hard and walk away. Yet, they almost always are ready to cooperate when we return. Did you ever take into account that your locker might have been sleeping before you bothered it? What ever happened to "excuse me, please"? And why don't you ever knock first? I'm sure lockers must think we are very rude. Then, when they catch our fingers or refuse to close, we complain and abuse them more.

Something must be done to make us see our lockers as they really are. Perhaps we won't take our lockers seriously until one day they all come away from the walls and dump our books upon the floor. But, by then it will all be too late.

Merry Christmas from Us

April Fool's Day probably started when some jerk decided that, of all people, he should have a day of his own. Of course, no one then agreed with this jerk, so they didn't bother to remember his name or write it down. All we know is that April 1 is **some** fool's day; we don't know exactly whose. With your luck and personality, though, it's probably yours.

Think about it. And if it's not yours, just remember that it could have been. After all, aren't you a fool? Not sure? Here's a checklist for you to fumble through:

- ☐ You wear your socks inside out.
- ☐ You give Brother Arnold the same excuse every time you're late.
- ☐ You have dandruff.
- ☐ Your eyes and shirt don't match.
- ☐ You read **HIPOINT**.

If you checked one or more items, then you're a fool. And if you didn't check any items, that means you're an even **bigger** fool because you probably don't realize what you're doing anyway.

But don't feel bad. Today's your day. **HAPPY APRIL FOOL'S!**

